

Snapshot at Maedan Beach

A drumbeat of rain
cracks open the night sky,
lashes tin roofs and coconut fronds.

We turn off the creaking fan,
unshutter the windows to hear it better,
feel a fine mist cool on our skin.

The two of us are here
by some collision of circumstance
lying on a bed in a darkroom

developing prints of ourselves together.
The rain rhythms into the silence between us —
answer to its own question.

I wake in the bright light of morning
overexposed, cleansed of desire.

David Adès